

1913

The Norm, 1913-07

Oregon Normal School

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/thenorm>

Recommended Citation

Oregon Normal School, "The Norm, 1913-07" (1913). *The Norm: 1911 - 1939*. 13.
<https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/thenorm/13>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Yearbooks at Digital Commons@WOU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Norm: 1911 - 1939 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@WOU. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@wou.edu.

The Norm

J
U
L
Y
1
9
1
3

SUMMER SCHOOL NUMBER

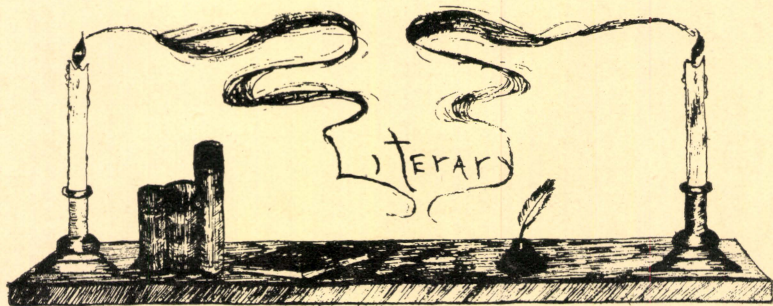
BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
OREGON NORMAL SCHOOL
MONMOUTH, OREGON

THE NORM

VOL. 3

SPECIAL SUMMER SCHOOL NUMBER

No. 1



Edited by Loraine Johnson

Mandy's Organ

By Katherine Fowels

MRS. BENTLY lifted her voice, "Pig-ee! Pig-ee! where's that other pig gone to? If there's anything as aggravating as a pig I wish'd you'd fetch it along. They don't even know enough to come and git fed. Well, there I guess that's enough for you," she continued, pouring a pailful of parings into a trough. "I wonder why Mandy don't feed the chickens? It's high time they was fed. Mandy! Hoo-oo-hoo-Mandy!"

"Yes, Maw, what do you want?" This came from a girl about seventeen years of age, who appeared deliberately at the kitchen door, and stood looking at her mother.

"What do I want? Why, I want to know why you don't feed them chickens! That's what I want. Step around lively, now, an' don't fergit its Christmas eve an a lot of extry chores to be

done. You ac' as if you didn't care whuther the minster had anything for diner termorrer or not."

"I dont care," the girl spoke with sullen emphasis while scattering the feed, "Maybe you think it's fun to have ministers and their wives an' a lot of children to cook for on Christmas, but I don't. Work and slave for company to stuff themselves! Maria Quackenbush's paw got her a new org'n," she added.

Has she?" said Mrs. Bentley stolidly, watching the chickens.

"It's got twenty-four stops, maw."

"What has?"

"Why the org'n Maria's paw got her."

"I guess it won't give out no better music than one with twenty-two," she said, setting her lips firmly.

"No, said Mandy with a sigh. "Oh, Maw!" she added suddenly with a passion of longing in her tone. "Do you think paw'll ever get me one?"

"Land sakes! One what?"

"Org'n."

"I do know. Looks sortof like snow, don't it? Which of them pullets you going to kill fer termorrer?"

"I don't know. Any of 'em's fat enough."

"There comes the cows. Oh! but say, Mandy, while you was just in the fruit house, I heard Dick Underwood got home last week from town to spend Christmas an' New Year's!"

"I heard it yesterday," said the girl. She did not sit nor lift her eyes, but a faint color came into her face. Her mother gave her a keen searching look.

"I guess he'll most likely be going to Maria's tomorrow a-seeing her new org'n," she said, looking away.

"Yes, I guess," said the girl, "Maria's Maw got her an offul pretty new dress"—but this came after some hesitation.

"She, did?" said Mrs. Bentley becoming interested, "What's it like?"

"It's sort of brown and gold striped, Camel's hair."

Mrs. Bentley after a deep silence gave a little sniff of contempt. "Well, I don't see where them Quackenbush's get so much money to spend on such foolishness! They got the same price for their potatoes as we did, and no bigger crop *Neither*.

An' they ain't sold their hawgs yet. Well there's one thing sure, with all her finery she won't catch Dick Underwood's eye."

"Who said anything about Dick Underwood? She's welcome to him. No one will hinder them. I know I won't." Then after hesitation—"She got a pair of new gloves too, to match!"

"She did!" Mrs. Bentley's expression was almost fierce. "Just as if that pair of gray ones she got her in the spring ain't good enough. They must have been thinking that dressing her up 'u'd help her face 'an figger out. Her face 'u'd stop an eight-day clock! And her figger ain't much better. *Lean*, my gracious! Have you got them chickens fed?" Saying this they turned and went into the house. As they entered, Dick Underwood and Maria Quackenbush rode up to the gate.

"Whoa!" cried Maria, with spirit, "Hello 'Mandy! How-d-you-do Mrs. Bentley? My! I must be a sight. Guess my hair's all down, ain't it? You know this horse can go some?"

"Won't you git off an' come in? How are you Mr. Underwood? My! How you have changed."

Mandy blushing came out to the gate. Dick jumped off his horse and shook hands thru the gate.

"I have only changed in looks. No, we can't come in, we promised Mrs. Quackenbush we would be right back."

"We're a goin' to have some music and singing," said Maria proudly. "I got a new org'n, Mandy!"

"Yes, I heard," said Mandy, faintly.

"Got twenty-four stops an' two knee-swells. A loud an' a soft. One stop's trembly to imitate the human voice. It's got a high back and a looking-glass. Can't you come over?"

"No, I guess not," said Mandy but she showed her feeling.

"No," said Mrs. Bentley, she'll have to do all the work to-night because I'm a-going to town."

"Why, Maw!" exclaimed Mandy, "Honest? What for?"

"To git some things fer dinner termorrer, I'm all out."

"Well, I wish you could come, because I have a fine new dress to show you. It 'u'd make your mouth water."

"Has yer paw sold his hawgs yet? asked Mrs. Bentley.

"I don't know; but there ain't anything around here like it! It cost a dollar and a quarter a yard. Oh, yes! and a pair of gloves to match! Well, come on, Mr. Underwood, we must be going."

"Good night," said Dick.

"Good night," answered 'Mandy with an attempted smile.

"Now hurry and do up the work," said Mrs. Bentley, ready to—I won't be home until morning, I'll put up at Mis' Hunts."

Going to town Mrs. Bentley had a little talk with herself. "I'll show them Quackenbush's if they can walk over my girl, with their camels-hair dresses an' them latest gloves. Well I'll beat that holler. Mandy's paw'll never pitch hisself up to gettin' her an org'n; an whats the sense of my keeping that hundred dollars to buy myself with? Guess I'll be big enough for him to see."

Christmas morning when Mrs. Bentley drove into the yard, the ground was white with snow. Mandy ran out bareheaded, into the yard.

"Oh, Maw!" she cried, "What you got there?"

"Stop your hollerin!" said her mother sternly. "It's a new org'n for you. Its got twenty-eight stops—an three knee swells."

"Oh, Maw!" she cried, completely, overcome, "you're hollerin' yourself."

"An' a bevel glass in the middle, an' a bevel panel on both sides, an two big pedals, an' two little ones, an"

"Oh, Maw, what's the third knee swell for?"

"I don't know what its for, an I don't care. It's there, an I just want to see Maria Quackenbush's eyes when she see's it. I guess I can holler if I want to. I've *showed* them Quackenbushs! I've got a new dress for you that cost a dollar and a *half* a yard—and *two* pairs of gloves to match."

"Oh, Maw," quavered Mandy, "You're hollerin awful!"

"An' Dick Underwoods coming to dinner an to stay the evening to see the new organ an' things. An' he asked me if I thought you liked him the way he does you! So if I ain't showed them Quackenbush's I'd like to know who has!

An' I guess can holler if I want to."

Her Roommate

By L. S., February '06

TO PUT IT mildly, Myra was disappointed. After seven years she had come back to the scene of her glorious college days to find things so tantalizingly familiar, and yet so strangely different. Seven busy years they had been, filled with the struggle to make good in her chosen profession. She had scarcely realized the flight of time; she had not anticipated at all, the changes that would confront her upon her return to the Alma Mater.

"But it's the same dear old school," she told herself as with eager steps she approached the campus—the same beautiful buildings, and trees, and shrubbery. Even the lawn seems not to have changed a particle. How good it is to be back!"

Before the first morning session was over, however, a chill reserve began to wrap itself about her, smothering her ardent spirits as with a blanket. It was not the same old school! The faces of the members of the faculty who filed into the assembly at the stroke of ten, for chapel exercises, were new to her, with one exception. Together with the four hundred others comprising the student body she joined in the simple services and listened to the inspiring words of the speaker; yet through it all she missed that inintangible something that had been the chief charm of her student days.

After chapel she enrolled in her classes. Here, again, she felt the uncanny spell. Outside the covers of the textbooks she seemed to have nothing in common with the rest of the students. She found no old friends and made no effort to cultivate new ones. All unknown to her, many admiring glances were bestowed upon the brilliant young stranger whom no one knew; but none of the young people had the courage to brave her cold and distant manner. And so she was alone.

For several days Myra, vaguely feeling something wrong, tried to shake off her increasing disappointment. But at last she looked the matter squarely in the face.

"Surely," she said to herself, "years alone, could not make

such a difference. Neither is it the work, nor the students, nor the faculty. It is I, myself, who have grown out of harmony with school life. The time that has intervened since my college days has made me—old!”

Mechanically, as she pondered the dismal situation, on her way to the new girls’ dormitory, she plucked the petals of a Shasta daisy. “Shall I go?—shall I stay?—go—stay?”

“Go! Of course!” she ejaculated suddenly casting aside the mutilated flower in disgust at her own absent-minded indecision. “Of course, I shall go! It is the only reasonable thing to do under the circumstances. To be perfectly frank with myself, I didn’t really need this little post-graduate course in the first place. It was the force of old associations that drew me back.”

Myra’s room faced the east. It was a typical student room, radiant in its clean unpretentious newness. The window gave her a familiar view of the country for miles around—comfortable homes, rolling fields beyond, and hills in the background. “Oh,” she breathed, “how good it looks, and yet—”

Her reverie was interrupted by a subdued knock at the door. The hospitable little matron stood there.

“Would you mind,” she inquired, hesitatingly, “if I should ask you to take a roommate? The rooms on the second floor are all occupied and another student has just come in. This is such a large, pleasant room, we could easily put in a cot.”

An angry flush overspread Myra’s face. “I should very much prefer being alone,” she answered crisply. “However, I shall not be here much longer. I am not satisfied here. I shall go at the end of the week.”

The matron drew back with a look of alarm. “Oh, I beg your pardon,” she apologized. “I did not mean to cause you any discomfort. We shall make other arrangements, of course. Perhaps”—she added after an awkward moment—it was not easy to talk to Myra—you would like us better if you were better acquainted.” Then the door closed noiselessly. A disdainful smile closed round Myra’s lips as she heard quick, nervous steps beat a hasty retreat down the corridor. She stayed in her room for the rest of the evening, but she was not happy. The incident with the matron had further disturbed her peace of mind.

The next morning after a good nights rest, she felt somewhat

better disposed. The sun shone bright, the sky was blue, and a cheerful Bob White entertained her from the campus shrubbery. On the pavement below, groups of merry girls were passing by, on their way to the dining hall. Myra herself boarded at the hotel around the corner.

It was rather late when she came downstairs. The hall was quiet and seemingly deserted. Only in the outer office was there a slight sound of someone stirring restlessly about. The door stood ajar, and, in passing, Myra glanced in. There, beside the desk, nervously twirling with one hand the chair she should have sat upon, stood a girl.

"The new student," Myra concluded instantly,—my prospective roommate, perhaps," and a shadow of the curling smile of yesterday played about the corner of her mouth.

As if to verify her conclusion, the girl, hearing steps, approached the door.

"Can you tell me where I might find the matron? Her words tumbled over each other in her embarrassment. "I've been waiting the longest time! I came in late, on the afternoon train, and she put me in the spare room, and told me to look her up in the morning. She doesn't seem to remember. "—I don't know where to go for breakfast—or anything."

"These children—" reflected Myra irritably. Aloud she suggested, "I am just going to breakfast at the hotel. If you care to go with me—"

"Indeed," the girl's face lighted up with relief. "I'm so glad to find someone, don't you know! The train was late yesterday, and everything went wrong, and I've felt so strange since coming here—couldn't sleep a wink all night. This morning I had a notion to get up and hurry away before anyone found me out, only I didn't know where to find the depot.

Myra surveyed her companion with a quizzical gleam of interest. She was slight, and young, with a sweet, round face, and a clinging, confiding way.

"Have you never travelled before?"

"Never. Don't you think its perfectly awful?" By this time they were passing the postoffice. The girl stopped short. "—Oh, couldn't we go in and call for the mail? Mother promised to write at once. But, of course"—blushing—"there couldn't be any for me so soon."

Breakfast progressed happily with a great deal of listening on Myra's part and a great deal of chatter on the part of the new student.

"Don't you know," she confessed a little later as they retraced their steps schoolward, "I positively dread going back into that room. It's way down at the end—I never roomed by myself before—I know I'll be dreadfully homesick. You don't happen to know of anyone who is looking for a roommate, do you?"

Again Myra gave her a quizzical examination. "About eighteen," she reflected. "Just my age when I entered—and very inexperienced in the ways of the world. An uncomfortable sense of responsibility came over her. Beside her, quiet for the moment, walked the girl.

They were nearing the dormitory now. Myra's guilty glance shifted uneasily from object to object. There, in the path just ahead, she came upon the poor, little, shriveled Shasta daisy.

"Shall I take her? Shall I not? Shall I—? Shall I not?" The silence became unnatural.

"Should you care to room with me?" inquired Myra at last. "What do you require of a roommate?"

"Should I care to?" echoed the girl. "Why don't you know I'd just love to! But I couldn't do it, really. It was terribly impolite of me. Why I almost asked—I did—ask you."

"If I remember correctly, it was I who did the asking." Myra's reserve broke down completely before the glow of kindness that came over her. "I have been rather lonely too. I should 'just love' to have you."

So it happened that Myra did not leave college at the end of the week, nor at the end of the year for that matter, for, just before the summer vacation, there was a meeting of the board of trustees. At that meeting Myra was asked to remain as an instructor in the subject in which she had specialized.

There was a little wonder at first, why, as a member of the faculty, she preferred to remain in Marion Hall, to room with an ordinary freshmen student, instead of moving to more pretentious quarters in the Faculty House. However, if Myra ever gave the matter a serious thought no one was the wiser—least of all, the Roommate who first recaptured her old love for the Alma Mater.

The Transformation

By Elda McDaniel

A STEEP, cobble-stoned street in the poorer district of San Francisco was the scene of an exciting game of marbles. Bobs was winning fair and square. Suddenly there arose a cry, "You're a cheat!" and its answer, "You take that back!" A moment's silence and then confusion. The cries of the frightened boys soon brought the aid of a big policeman to the injured one who was lying on the pavement stunned by Bobs' stinging blows. By the time they turned to look for the youthful culprit, who, so they all said, should be sent to prison for life, he was nowhere to be found.

A few hours later on the busy wharf from which "The Harvard" sails for Los Angeles, were standing an elderly gentleman and an indifferent-looking, beautifully gowned young woman. The following conversation took place:

"Well, my dear," I wish you "Bon Voyage," and may your friends in Los Angeles succeed wherein I have failed, in showing you that life is still worth living, tho you may never be able to sing again."

"Don't Father, don't talk that way. I know I have vexed you often, but I am tired of it all—of just eating and sleeping, dancing and playing cards, and, most of all, of sympathy. Yes, yes, I know I am cruel—that they all mean to be kind, but I want to *do* something and there is nothing to do.

Then came the warning boat-whistle. A small boy rushed up and said, "Carry your grips, Mam?" and, without awaiting an answer, Bobs trudged off with the grips, leaving the young lady to bid her father a hurried farewell. In the crowd, and in the bustle of departure nobody noticed that the small porter didn't leave the boat.

An hour passed—a very long hour to the small boy in hiding under the stairway, awaiting an opportunity to make his way below, unnoticed. He was rather interested though in watching the Beautiful Lady and wondered what could make such a lovely creature look so unhappy.

She, comfortably seated in her steamer chair, all unconscious of his admiring glances, sat looking moodily, idly out on the glassy surface of San Francisco Bay. Did she see the lights and shadows on the blue-green water, with here and there a sparkling white-cap, or the purple hills, all but surrounding them, crested with a single cross above the old government barracks—the cross which the old Padres planted there “In the Days of the Dons?” No. Her listless, weary expression never changed until they passed the guarding portals of the incomparable Golden Gate out into the never-resting, tumultuous expanse of ocean. Then a look of relief came into her face, as if she wished she might sail on and on, forever.

Bobs was by this time becoming restless in his cramped quarters, and, after looking to see whether he was observed, and seeing only the quietly resting girl, stretched forth his weary limbs. But, alas! One luckless foot struck a can of white paint which some careless deckhand had left there, and thus attracted the attention of the firstmate who hastily strode over to Bobs’ hiding place and, jerking him out by his much worn coat collar, demanded what he was doing there.

The noisy accusations and Bobs’ pleading defense that he came aboard “to get a job just because he wanted to ride on the ocean, and that he didn’t have no money or no folks to give him any,” attracted the passengers’ attention, among them the Beautiful Lady’s.

Nobody seemed to know what was to be done. It was too late to send him back, and there was really no object in doing so for the poor lad was homeless and friendless and might just as well go on as go back.

The crowd dispersed leaving the mate, the beautiful lady and Bobs. Suddenly it dawned on her that here was what she had been seeking, something to do.”

“Aren’t you the boy that carried my grips aboard?” she asked.

“Yes’m,” Bobs replied, knowing with a boy’s true intuition a friendly tone and face, although it was almost the first Bobs had ever heard directed toward him.

To the mate the Beautiful Lady said, “I will look after the boy if you will allow me to. See that he gets a stateroom.”

Soon the trip was over. She and Bobs had become fast friends.

Did she know what she was going to do, or care where she went? Ah, yes. Life was no longer dreary monotony, for it was no longer self-centered. The Beautiful Lady had found the joy of living in service.

"Now, Bobs," she said, "we will telegraph Father to look for us soon."

The telegram read:

"Dear Father,

I have found what I was seeking— "something to do." Bobs, my boy rescuer, and I, will be home a week from today.

To Which Class Do You Belong?

The world bestows big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing, and that is initiative. What is initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told, is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia; those who can carry a message get big honors, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay. Next there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story. Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how, and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which class do you belong?—Copyrighted by Elbert Hubbard, in "The Book of Business."

THE NORM

Vol 3.

MONMOUTH, OREGON, JULY, 1913.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor-in-Chief	- - - - -	E. R. Peterson
First Assistant Editor	- - - - -	Clarence Hesseltine
Second Assistant Editor	- - - - -	Esther E. LaBrie
Literature	- - - - -	Lorraine Johnson
News	- - - - -	Irene Haskins
Fun	- - - - -	Sarah Martin
Art	- - - - -	Viola Shea and Jessie B. Andross

REPORTERS.

Coralie Amrine	- - - - -	Because
Lyda V. Bell	- - - - -	Get There
Lea E. Adair	- - - - -	Sea Breeze
Josiah Wills,	- - - - -	Lane County Club
Gertrude Davidson	- - - - -	The Multnomahs
Carrie Eilertsen	- - - - -	The Bunch-To-Tie To
Ellen Canfield	- - - - -	Vaqueros
Iza Constable	- - - - -	M-Y Stars!

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Financial Manager	- - - - -	J. C. Bell
-------------------	-----------	------------

Entered as second class matter December 23, 1911, at the post office at Monmouth, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879

WHY Why are we publishing this special summer school number of *THE NORM*? It is rather an unusual thing to do. We are doing it because we want to. But if that isn't sufficient reason, we have others. We believe that by putting out this edition we are filling a gap. Probably the best, the most complete history of any school is to be found in the files of its official publication. Without a summer school edition of our paper there is always a missing chapter in each year's record. The students in the regular terms have left their chronicles, but those who have been here during the summer weeks have

come and gone and have left no tracks behind them. This cannot be said of the present student body.

Again, the school paper stimulates an interest among the students that is not obtained in any other way; it brings them closer together and helps in many ways to bind them. It gives the student a feeling that he belongs to the school; his name and actions become a part of its printed record; from time to time as months and years go by, he glances thru the pages of his old school paper and dreams of the days that were; it helps to preserve in his memory the names and faces of many that might otherwise be forgotten. The paper is a link between student and school as well as between student and student. Who knows how often it may be the means of bringing the wanderer back to the old stamping grounds! Who that has been here can in later times read about Cupid's Knoll and not long for a stroll upon its grassy slopes?

Thus it is with a firm belief in the usefulness of a summer school number that we have advocated its being published. We are setting a precedent that we hope may be followed from year to year.

HOW WE trust that this issue of *THE NORM* will need no apologies. It sprang into life on short notice: Everything about it was made up in a hurry; the idea of issuing a special summer school number was conceived; an interest was aroused among the students; they were convinced that the plan was feasible; a vote was taken, deciding that the project should be carried out; students and instructors pledged their support; officers were elected; the staff was organized; the plan was outlined; stories were called for; manuscripts were prepared; drawings and photographs were made and sent to the engravers with the necessary instructions; plates were made and these together with the written copy were forwarded to the printer; the type was set, the printing done; the paper went to the bindery; the completed job was returned to the publishers and *THE NORM* placed in the hands of its readers—all this together with the thousand and one little details was done within three weeks. In view of these facts we trust that our readers will not be too critical.



Summer School Calendar

Edited by Irene Haskins

June 23. Registration Day.

TWO HUNDRED students registered at this time, which was one hundred per cent more than last year. The total enrollment last year was one hundred and sixty-five. At this writing two hundred and seventy-five have entered while the prospects are that there will be three hundred during the summer session. This makes it the largest professional schools in the State. It is also the largest summer school ever held here. The teachers here represent between eight and nine thousand school children, which is about one-tenth of all the school children in the State.

The interest shown in all the class rooms indicates the attitude of the students toward their work. President Ackerman

hopes that all the teachers will return to their schools filled with ideas, methods and enthusiasm that will make this a banner year in their work.

July 2. Superintendent Day.

On this day, a number of the different county superintendents, who had just completed their work in Salem, visited the Oregon Normal school. They spent the day in visiting classes and buildings, and were entertained at dinner, by Miss Todd, maïron of the new Dormitory.

At three o'clock a special chapel period was held, during the period addresses were given by Mr. Carleton, Assistant State Superintendent; Mr. Oliver, of Lake County; Mr. Young, of Umatilla County, and Mr. Baughman, of Lane County. All seemed very much pleased with the work being done in the school and spoke very credibly of it.

July 3. A picnic was given by the faculty in the grove. After feasting sumptuously upon wienies roasted in the coals, sandwiches, Saratogo chips, coffee, and ice cream cones, the student body, led by Mr. Evenden, participated in games suitable for playing on the school grounds. When these had been enjoyed fully, all formed in line and serpentine downtown to the bandstand, keeping step by repeating O-O-O-O-N-S. At the bandstand everyone enjoyed the excellent concert given by the band of which Monmouth may be justly proud.

July 4. Independence Day in Monmouth would have pleased the advocates of a Sane Fourth very much.

The Chautauqua at Dallas and the Cherry Fair at Salem were visited by many of the students. These excursions were greatly enjoyed by those who wished to get acquainted with more of the Willamette Valley.

The girl from "Laugh a Lot Inn" and "Bell Haven" had a picnic on Cupid's Knoll. After spending a pleasant afternoon they watched the glorious sunset, which only those who have witnessed it from this place can appreciate.

July 7. The first number of of the Summer School Lecture course was well attended by the students and townspeople. An illustrated lecture on the stars was given by Professor Baumgardt. Rare views of the heavenly bodies, ably explained opened a broader line of thought to the students. Professor Baumgardt

is an authority on astronomy, and made his subject very interesting.

July 8. Mr. Traver, prominent educator of the Northwest, in his address to the assembly told of the position of Oregon in the latest educational movements. At the N. E. A., which is now in session at Salt Lake City, the members are hearing about Oregon. Our agricultural and industrial progress is being watched by the educational world. Therefore much is expected of the teachers of Oregon in this line of work.

A Recreation Club was organized among the students to provide amusement and a general good time for the summer. They plan to meet at least once a week when they shall have some sort of picnic or sewing club. The first meeting resulted in a cross country hike led by Miss Davis. They explored the regions of Proposal Bridge and Lover's Lane, the mysteries of which were well explained by their leader. This seemed to bring back pleasant memories. A very pleasant excursion was reported and the girls await the next meeting with pleasure.

July 9. The progress of Oregon along agricultural and industrial lines together with the teachers' part of this work was discussed by Mr. Harrington in his address to the student body. Mr. Harrington is being sent by the State to all of our schools to explain and interest the pupils and teachers in this work.

July 10. Mr. Rutherford, city superintendent of McMinnville and a graduate of the Oregon Normal School, spoke to the student body, telling of his experience with teachers trained and otherwise. He was introduced as one of the best friends of the School, and also as a firm believer in trained teachers. He lives up to this reputation very well indeed, getting a great many of his teachers here.

July 11. The Stories of Joseph were dramatized by the third grade pupils of the training school under the direction of Miss Davis. This was for the benefit of the whole school, for many students could not get the dramatization work in their programs. The children did very well indeed, considering the time they have been out of school and the small amount of practice they have had.

A very rare treat was enjoyed by the students at this time, when David Campbell, noted pianist, played for them. Mr. Camp-

bell, whose home is in Oregon, has spent some time in study abroad, while this last year he taught in Eugene, at the University. He intends to go to Europe again this winter to study further. We wish him success and hope that we may again hear him when he returns.

July 14. The second number of the lecture course will be a concert given by the Brahms Quartet. They come very highly recommended by the press and Chautauqua boards where they have been. We can expect as high a class of entertainment as they have already given in other parts of the state.

July 18. Old Folks' Concert.

This concert will be directed by Miss Harlan. It is to be composed of the faculty and members of the student body. The program will consist of old-time songs and melodies, together with folk dances. It will be given for the benefit of and under the auspices of The Norm.

July 19. Salem Day.

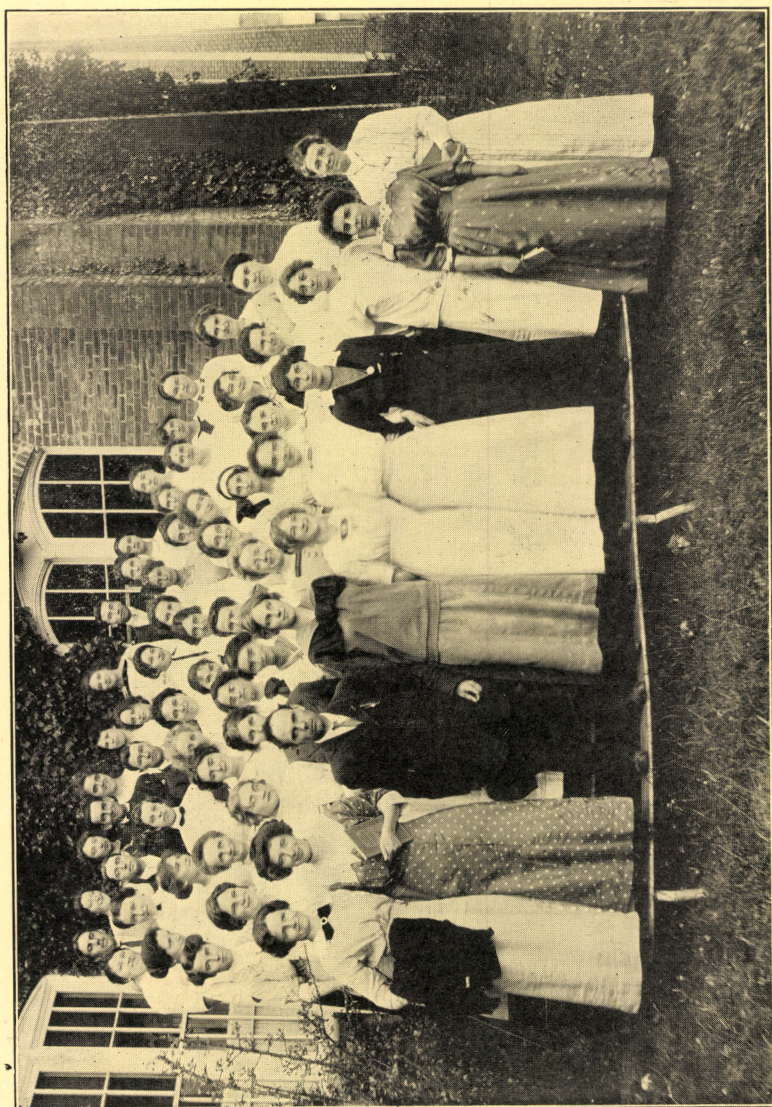
Professor Ackerman is planning to have the student body go to Salem to visit the State Buildings and Institutions at that place. He and Mr. Butler will probably act as chaperones of the party. They can gain admission to some of the State Institutions which would perhaps not be granted an individual. This will be a splendid opportunity for the students to visit these places of interest.

July 25. Surt Day.

The students who represent the different counties of the State are divided into sections according to the positions of the counties. Each section has a name, is organized, and is planning to outwit the others in the originality of its stunt. The rivalry is intense, while the evening is anxiously awaited.

August 1. The Summer Session will be finished.









All of Oregon



BECAUSE.

Reported by Coralie Amrine

ON JULY third, nineteen hundred and thirteen, several lads and lassies from counties of Washington, Clackamas, Sherman, Grant, Wasco, Hood River and Harney gathered in room seventeen of the Oregon Normal for the purpose of organizing a literary society to work in co-operation with similar organizations from other counties of Oregon.

On account of the predominance of the gentler sex, and because of this gentleman's curly locks, rosy cheeks and other attractions too numerous to mention, won for him the most votes, Mr. E. Schultz was elected to the high office of president of the organization.

Miss Carter, owing to her intelligent and pleasing appearance, was elected secretary. With these two and several minor offices filled, the organization adjourned to meet again in the near future.

On account of the fame of the counties from which these people migrated, they will be watched closely by all and great things are expected from them. In this organization we have from Hood River rosy cheeked girls whom Mr. Gentle so much admires and who by their conduct, we know will be a great help to the society. We have the easy going youths from Willamette Valley. Clackamas County, which has the oldest settlements in the State, sends the blue blood of that county. The fact that Wasco County has one of the best Chautauquas in the United States and also leads in the production of cherries in this state, leads us to believe that they send us good productions as members. Washington County gives us cultured people from the shadow of Forest Grove College. From Harney, Grant and Marrow

came our sturdy eastern members. We, believing that environment is one of the greatest factors in shaping the characters of human beings and knowing of the famous Jack Rabbits of these counties, realize that nothing shall go by these people unheard. Truly it is from the last three named counties that some of our best members come, sturdy in stature and intellect.

The President of our Normal says, "All people are divided into two classes, the 'Ifs' and the 'Becauses.'" The "Ifs" are those who always say that if such and such a thing had come to them they would have made a success. The "Because" class say, because such and such a thing came to them they are going to be a success.

Knowing so well the virtues of it's members the society feels sure it will be a success. For this reason the organization has adopted the name of *BECAUSE*. LL

Keep your eyes on the *BECAUSE* Society. They not only will be entertaining but will do for a good pattern. It has members who have made good in teaching. We know they will be loyal to their counties and therefore loyal to the *BECAUSE* Society.

To show what there is in a name, and that you may more fully appreciate the wonders and beauties of these counties let us follow Mr. Newlywed and his bride on their honeymoon.

They started with great *SPEED* for *HUNTINGTON*. Mr. Newlywed now being married knew that he had no right to catch the *WOLF* or the *MARTIN* but he must *HA—SKINS* so he decided to ask *SCOT* and *TOM (PSON)* to help him take a *BEN-NET* and catch them.

Clarence Hasseltine being a love lorn *SWAIN* was jealous and told the *MARSHALL*. The *MARSHALL* said, "Oh *SCHMIDLE!*" Mr. Newlywed took a *NEW MAN FORR (Y) A WORKMAN* to help him settle Hasseltine for *PECHIN*. Clarence then said, "Oh! lets *PHILL-IP* coins to settle it but Mr. Newlywed had to see the *TAYLOR* so he told his wife to *CONNER* books and *CRAM-MER* head for a trip *AM-RINE* (on Rhine). So it was *CALD-WELL*.

“Because”

Some student teachers of our state
Came to the Normal to meditate.
They were ever happy and never late—
“Because!”

They loved their teachers, everyone,
They worked from morn till set of sun,
And never stopped till work was done—
“Because!”

One day they made for president
A man they wished to compliment.
They knew he'd prove most excellent—
“Because!”

A name they won, this class, at school,
A great name, far 'bove common rule.
It echoed far o'er mountains cool—
“Because!”

This class went on best schools to teach,
And earn fat salaries out of reach
Of all who failed to toil and preach
“Because!”

Now, dear young student, hear me, pray!
Stop! Stop! and listen while I say,
Begin at once! Do not delay—
“Because!”

The Get There Bunch

Reported by Lyda V. Bell

THE SONG OF POLK.

Tell the world in joyful accents
Of the facts that we have gleaned,
That in the valley of Willamette,
County Polk, doth reign the queen.

Proud she is of her resources,
Of her sheep and goats well known,
Prunes and cherries, nuts and apples,
These are products quite her own.

For her prune yield so delicious
Backs her advertising schemes,
Which to tired city workers
Offer agricultural dreams.

In the Eastern Boarding houses
What a paradise is this!
Just a step from prunes to pantry,
Truly economic bliss.

Old Polk County does her duty
By the goat and sheep fold two,
If we added cows and chickens,
You would answer, "Very true."

If old Robinson (nee Crusoe)
Needed now his hairy goats
He would risk a tariff ruling,
And export Angora goats.

But of all our crops so landed
Boys and girls our prizes are,
With their hopes and their ambitions
Aiming for the highest star.

And to further their successes
Teachers to our school have come,
O. N. S. the school for teachers,
Greatest school beneath the sun.

Great in numbers they have come,
Teachers from Polk County lead;
Forty-five illustrious teachers
Words of wisdom gladly heed.

Words our president has spoken
Will they now prove very soon,
That in their profession
Works a blessing, not a doom.

The Lane County Club

Reported by Josiah Wills

THE SUMMER Normal School opened on June the twenty-third, with two hundred seventy students. Of this number twenty-five girls and one boy are from Lane County, which is one of the best represented counties in Oregon, being surpassed only by Polk, the home of the Oregon Normal School. Most of these Lane County students are from Eugene and Springfield, two of the most prosperous towns in Oregon.

Because of the enthusiastic spirit of the students of the summer session, Pres. Ackerman proposed that the students divide themselves up into different groups representing different counties and each give a short program during the last week of school. So the students from Lane County met and organized as the "Lane County Club," electing the following officers: Miss Esther Miles, of Eugene, president; Miss Hazel Hazelton, of Cottage Grove, secretary-treasurer, and Mr. Josiah Wills, of Eugene, reporter for *The Norm*. The President appointed the following students as the social committee: Miss Myrtle Green, chairman; Miss Teresa Hawley, Miss Hazel Hazelton, Miss Francis Bartlett, Miss Myrtle Copenhaver and Mr. Josiah Wills.

The club wishes to extend heartiest thanks to Miss Dawson for the use of her class room as a place for meetings, and also to Mr. Beaumont, who so kindly assisted us with his camera.

During the visit of the county superintendents, Mr. Baughman, superintendent of Lane, made a special visit to each Lane County teacher, speaking in all to twenty-four. In his address at chapel he complimented the Lane teachers for their enthusiasm and showed them that he had great hopes for their future success. Supt. Baughman went away well pleased with the work that is being done in the Oregon Normal, and more than satisfied with the admirable spirit shown by the students in general; more particularly with the students from Lane.

The Multnomahs

OFFICERS:

President, Elda McDaniel Secretary, Mae Benedict
Reporter, Gertrude Davidson

ERASMUS' QUEST.

In a far off country district,
Where the grass grows thick and high,
Der's my home with my ten brothers
And six sisters—dat's no lie.

My pop he was a clerk out der,
Fer one of the schools, by gee.
'He's the guy what gets the teacher
And he's tickler who they be.

One day my pop came up to me—
I felt just like a mule
When he said for me to go
To the Oregon Normal Schule.

He says, "Now Erasmus, my son,
I want you a teacher to get,
So choose you a good one, my boy—
We've ne'er had one good enough yet."

And soon I arrived at the Normal
And strutted along through the halls.
By jinks! I felt some skeered
When I seen 'em—fat, lean, short and tall.

The counties were all in their meetings;
I thought I'd examine each bunch,
For pop wanted me to make sure
That this one could put up her lunch.

I sized up each club and each county,
Till I finally seen all 'cept one.
By heck! I was madder'n a hornet,
For it looked like I wouldn't find none.

Then I come in despair to the last room.
I expected to see as before
A silly ol' lot of school marms,
But not so when I come to the door.

I says in a most skeering manner:
'My dad wants a teacher fer us.'
They looked at me wisely and said,
'We have just what you wish, Erasmus.'

I fergot I was borned in the country
And I says like a gentleman should,
'Now ladies, you talk fer yerselves.'
And Geneva Wright glanced and stood.

'Now my dear young Erasmus,' she said,
'Here is one: Mrs. Jennie Carr;
She has had fourteen years of experience
And you couldn't beat that by far.'

'Or Janet McKay Grant would do;
In everything she is so neat;
She's taught seven years down in Troutdale
And she never complains of the heat.'

"The next that you see in this row
Is pretty Miss Ethel Bryan;
She has taught one year in our state
And in Kansas for three years did fine."

By jinkers! that sure was a hard pick—
Everyone that she mentioned was fine.
They were not the old maidified type
That we get fer our school every time.

Then I looked all about me once more
And told Miss Wright to go on.
And, "Mr. Erasmus," she said,
"Meet my friend, Florence Johnson."

"She has taught two little laddies
In a lonely country school,
And for six months of last year
They obeyed her in every rule."

I very politely nodded
And to Marie Jensen I turned
A "substitute," they called her,
And much her pupils learned.

Then brown eyed Bessie Davidson
Looked mighty good to me
And her studious sister Gertrude,
The lass from O. A. C.

Miss Linnie Currin looked her best,
And said she'd like the place,
Four years she'd taught most everywhere
And a smile beamed on her face.

Little Mae Benedict sat next in line,
Her experience was five years;
She said she couldn't take the school
And you'd oughter seen the tears.

Then fair faced Margaret Shantin
Looked up and took the floor—
She sure is some debater,
If she is nothing more.

Next came Leah Ganzmiller,
Tall, slender, dark and nice,
And Miss Estella Hatfield
Who's the one to give advice.

Almeda Smith sits yonder—
She's good at climbing trees—
And Miss Edith Cornelison
Who's taught the A. B. C.'s.

Pretty Miss Dawson played a tune
While sweet Miss Matthews sang.
Then Marie and Miss Grace May yelled out
L. H. S. zip boom bang!

Tiny Christine Sirois
From the southern Texas state
Spoke up to me in accents broad,
"Hurry your choice to make."

I looked around at one and all;
How hard it was to choose.
They all looked like they'd suit my pop
And not one could I lose.

So I lined them up agin the wall
And 'xamined each one good.
The "violin" girl was the one I chose,
For so tall and straight she stood.

The president, Miss McDaniel,
Felt so happy yet so sad—
She hated to leave the Multnomahs
But wanted to work for dad.

F. J. L. H. S. '12.



Sea Breeze

Reported by Lea E. Adair

DURING the summer session of the O. N. S. in 1913 there descended upon Monmouth many pedagogues.

Within this flock I found an enthusiastic circle which was always wide-awake, whether in the class room or when playing German bat ball as we found them one evening. This circle called itself "The Sea-Breeze" division and embraced the counties of Coos, Josephine, Jackson and Douglas.

Now we know that the seazbreezes live in the most ideal place in Oregon and it was a source of much wonderment that these people should be here. Nay it was not strange others should come to Monmouth for we admit Monmouth is second in desirability only to the Sea Breeze locality.

Thinking to investigate the matter we began to inquire of those in the circle.

We came first to a group of five, distinguished in such a way we knew at once they came from Jackson county. They seemed to have come for various reasons; one came to get all the cherries she wished to eat. We were surprised for poets sing of the cherries in the Rogue River Valley. Another said she came to get wisdom and forget it not. With that answer we were much impressed for surely all of those five showed their convolutions were becoming much deeper.

We next saw those from Josephine, but only two hailed from there so we did not tarry long. We found one came to enjoy the

rainy weather, (You will infer that it raineth not in Josephine). While the other didn't say, we believe she is here to collect material for an editorial, entitled, "How to manage more than one man."

We found Douglas to be represented by the most of all, numbering twelve of those same Sea Breezes. Their reasons for coming were interesting and concise. We rejoiced to hear one say she came to learn how to teach the young idea how to shoot. One came to Monmouth that she might mingle with the other Sea Breezes. Some said they were here because they were here, and one serious looking bachelor maid assured me her reason was no joke and we pondered deeply. One told us that unlike most people she was fond of hay fever and so came to develop a nice case of it. However, the answer which pleased us most was from a tall, energetic girl saying, she was here to learn how to become a good rural school teacher.

Then we went to Coos and they too are wide-awake Sea-Breezers and we thot as we observed, "how blessed is Monmouth this summer."

So enthusiastic were they over their reasons why they were in Monmouth, they could scarcely wait to tell. One was so desirous for the study of embalment under Mr. Gentle that she came to Monmouth all the way from Coos county. Others came to gain knowledge and to prepare for more successful work in the school-room.

So while talking with these different groups of people I found a serious note in their reasons for being here and it was pleasing. One of those from Coos seems to express the ideas of the entire division so well, we shall in part give it as we heard it. "I am here because I am interested in the boys and girls of Oregon; I am here to greet teachers, present and future from all parts of Oregon; I am here to receive instructions, ideas and inspirations."

And so say they all of them. They are glad they came. They thank the faculty for their inspiring work which will enable them to do better work and more of it than ever before. The Sea Breezers hope to return again to the O. N. S. that their minds may receive more inspiration, and during the coming months you may be sure there will be many times when the Sea Breezers in Coos, Jackson, Josephine and Douglas counties will give a "Rah, Rah, Rah!" for the O. N. S.



THE BUNCH TO-TIE-TO.

Reported by Carrie Eilertson

THE BUNCH To-Tie-To we call ourselves because we have shown such decided spirit. You will see the significance of this appellation as you become acquainted with us and our counties.

If you ever have occasion to use people who have life and enthusiasm, just call on us. We can show you what to do.

We are firm believers in the well chosen words, "The man who says it can't be done is busy keeping out of the way of the man who is doing it." If you want a concrete illustration of the truth of this statement, just watch the people trying to keep out of our way.

Chintimini-Chinook was the name first suggested to this worthy division but in a few days we found, to our dismay that this name cast over us a mysterious spell.

Chintimini, so runs the legend, was the name of a fair and plucky Indian Maiden who roamed with her tribe, over the hills of the coast range in the counties of Lincoln, Benton and Linn. The peak which bears her name, standing an imperishable memorial to her, is the highest in the entire Coast Range, from Clatsop south. Of fair maidens, to be sure we have many among us, as a glance into Room 5, our meeting place, will disclose. And what is more—at least one more—we were blest with "a man," in whose honor Chinook was added to our tribe name. But alas, the second meeting revealed that this our hope, our inspiration and our spokesman-to-be, had disappeared. Whispering

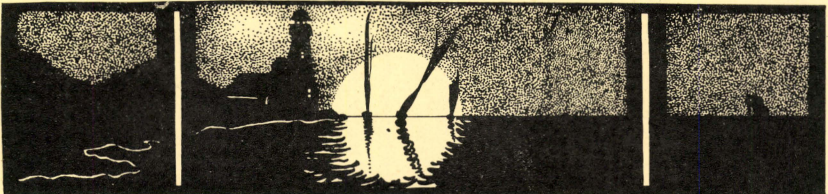
from one to another brought the sad news that he had been seen departing with suitcase in hand for parts unknown. What wonder was it, then, that we should post hote decide to have done with Indian legends when a mere mention of Chinook should summon him from our midst.

Seeing that this name had proved so very disastrous, we thought it would be best to change it before another calamity should happen.

Now we are a purely suffragette division but time will disclose that we have all the attributes that go toward acquiring success. We already have found a future Tetrizzini from Benton county and undoubtedly before this session closes, we will find many such. Benton County has not only singers but orators and a physical director. Lincoln County has shown to us a real living artist and cartoonist. (Notice the above cartoon). Linn and Tillamook have so many talented people that we have not space to mention them all. Clatsop and Columbia, although few in numbers, are no small consideration in the summer school.

Our best claim to distinction lies in the fact that we are teachers in every sense of the word, ready and prepared to meet every difficulty that presents itself.

Note: Since going to press the man has returned.



LIGHTHOUSE, NEWPORT OREGON

Jessie B. Andrews. 10



Vaqueros

By Ellen Canfield

From the lands of Union, Wheeler,
Lake and Crook and Umatilla,
From the waving fields of Gilliam,
Baker, Harney and Wallowa,
From the land of horse and rider,
From the plains where herds of cattle
Come and go on the horizon,
Every year with summer, cometh
To these ancient halls of learning
All the young and the ambitious
To be changed from barbarians
To sedate and well trained teachers.
From the region of the blue lakes,
Near the line of California
Come the maidens seeking wisdom
Known as Knight and Duke and Bernard,
Coming from the great lake country,
From the valley of Grande Ronde,
On the Meeker Trail established,
May be seen the tribes approaching
(As with but a single purpose)
Known to us as Wells and Ferguson,

Castle, Shelton, Bork and Page,
Telling of their great Chautauqua,
Boasting of their Union Stock Show,
Boasting of their lands and hunting.
In the far interior regions—
Land of sand and sage and rabbits—
Dwell the damsels called in council
Barnes and Hershey, Clark and Ranner
Chief among the tribes of Crook,
First among the band of teachers.
Down the east slope of the John Day
From the desert lands of Gilliam,
Come the Marvels, Burns and Burnhan
Seeking summer school instruction
Seeking knowledge at the Normal,
Baker sends her delegation—
Benson, Baisley, Frieda Enberg—
Singing of the Ox Bon Tunnel
Which may change the course of rivers
And will light the way for hundreds.
From the lands of Wheeler hastening,
Wattenburgs, with tales of wonder,—
Coalfields new and trails in building,
Trails of iron and steel and timber.
Umatilla sends her warriors,
Shea and Canfield, Knapp and Bixby
First three, daughters of Walluls,
Bixby, man-child of the nation.
Tales they bring of wheat and grasses,
And their schemes of irrigation.

And the President, the *tew-ta*,
He the great man of the Normal,
Looked upon the tribes from eastward,
Looked with pleasure on their coming,
Said, "We bid you welcome,
Bid a welcome to your people,
Welcome to you all *Vaqueros*."

M = 4 Stars

arion amhill

Reported by Iza Constable

FINE PAYING INVESTMENT

COME TO THE LAND OF GOLD AND GET RICH QUICK. BIGGEST PAYING PROPOSITION FOR THE TIME AND MONEY EXPENDED KNOWN TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD. GOLD EVERYWHERE, IF YOU WILL ONLY LOOK FOR IT. EXCURSION RATES! TICKETS ON SALE JUNE 21, 1913. CONDITIONS: EACH MUST BE WILLING TO DIG FOR GOLD; MUST CULTIVATE SOIL FOR SIX WEEKS TO GAIN FULL PROFIT. AT END OF SAID TIME EVERYONE WILL BE EXPECTED TO LEAVE.

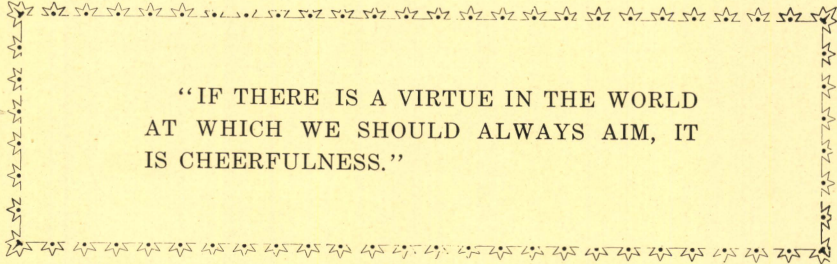
SUCH was the announcement sent out to all the countries of Oregon. Everywhere, where the above placard was to be seen, a crowd of interested people was to be found, wondering and discussing the possibilities of so great an inducement. It is not of all the countries of Oregon that I would write but of the two most important and the people therefrom: namely, Marion and Yamhill. I shall give you the names of these progressive people who realized that the six weeks would indeed be of value to them and that they could obtain gold which, when they returned home, would profit them much. They are as follows: Lois Simms, Hubbard; Ellen Carson, Salem; Ruth Volz, Sublimity; Sadie Bruce, McMinnville; Katherine Fowle, Salem; Mary Page, Yamhill; Sellah Foster, Dayton; Elsie Winters, Springbrook; Lotta Wilson, Salem; Donna Henry, Salem; Myrtle Gause, Newberg; Marion Fitzgerald, Amity; Lela Murray, McMinnville; Orul McClain, Salem; Flossie Leland, McMinnville; Bertha Westermann, Yamhill; Gertrude Rosche, Salem; Lottie Moore, Yamhill; Genevieve Powell, Yamhill; Josephine Courtney, La Fayette; Ruldah Selander, Sheridan; Mrs. J. O. Yocom, Sheridan; Elmina Atwood, Sheridan and Iza Constable, Salem.

On the twenty-third of June, these people reached the favored country, confident and expectant, for they were about to attain a long hoped for wish.

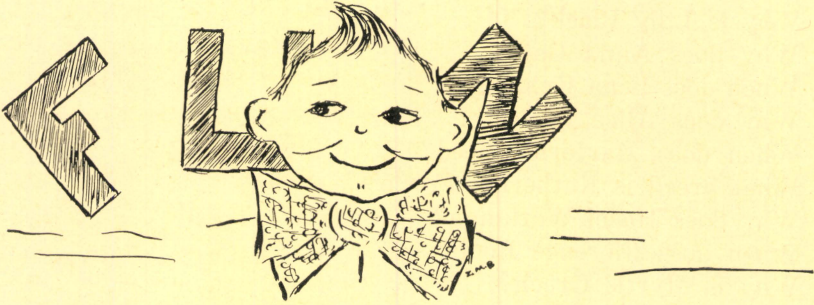
They soon found the conditions mentioned in the advertisement were not exaggerated, for anyone securing any of the coveted gold must dig for it. It was, however, no hardship for this superior band of people to apply themselves diligently to the tasks set for them and they were satisfied among a strange people, for they felt, they were, indeed, gathering gold, altho' little by little. In their hunt for riches, they plunged into various fields; some studied the tricks used in teaching the younger generation; some, mathematics; others, music, art, etc.

Although digging was necessary, there were some enjoyable times to be had in this peaceable community when all of the countries would come together for a general mingling and good time.

On July third an appeal went forth to all those coming from the countries of Marion and Yamhill to come together and organize into an association. At the appointed time the meeting was held and as a result Miss Sadie Bruce was elected as president; Miss Lois Simms, secretary, and Miss Iza Constable, reporter. The next duty of the association was to find a name which would suit so august an assembly. After much thought and careful deliberation, the name of M-Y Stars was accepted. Please make no mistake, for this is no slang expression but the name of a group of the smartest, best looking and most enthusiastic bunch of people that could be found in this community.



“IF THERE IS A VIRTUE IN THE WORLD
AT WHICH WE SHOULD ALWAYS AIM, IT
IS CHEERFULNESS.”



Edited by Sarah Martin

Remember well and bear in mind
A real good joke is hard to find.
And when we find a joke's that new,
Please don't get sore if the joke's on you.

Saint Pete (at the gate): "Who are you?"

Applicant: "A student from the O. N. S."

Saint Pete: "Did you pay for the Norm?"

Applicant: "No."

Saint Pete:



President A: "Why are you tardy?"

Student: "School began before I got here."

"Strawberries may come and strawberries may go,
But prunes we have always with us."—Ex.

"Why will Mr. D. North and Mr. Stulz insist on playing tennis
at 5 A. M.?"

Mr. B.: "What is chief characteristic of the English borough?"

Bright student: "Long ears."

Can you answer these:
Why is Lilly Black?
Why does Anna Gallup?
When does Lena Knapp?
Why does Alice Wheeler?
When does Marjorie Speed?
What breed is Katherine Fowle's?
Why does Hazel Workman?
When does Florence Root?
Why is Myrtle Green?

In psychology class:

"Just as soon as you see your fundamental image don't fall out the window but come back."

He drank from her lips the nectar
As in the moonlight they sat,
And he wondered if any other man
Ever drank from a mug like that.—Ex.

"You're the light of my heart," said Leto
As she bade her beau Goodnight,
A voice came from the stairway
"Leto put out that light!"

Miss Davis: "Did any of you children ever know a balky horse?"

Pupil: "My father had a balky horse."

Miss Davis: "What did he do wit hit?"

Pupil: "Traded it off for another."

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas then he first fell into debt,
For Romeo'd what Juliet.

Wanted by Mr. Baxter:

The names of all the goodlooking girls in school.

Elda had a little lamp,
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time her lover came
The little lamp went out.

Miss Castle (on train from Eastern Oregon): "Just look at that field of pole beans."

Smiling Conductor: "Oh! no, miss, that's only a field of hops."

Did you tackle the dirt that came your way
With a mop or a dusty room?
It's not so much did you get to school
But how did you leave your room?

"Student: "Have you read "Freckles?"

Miss Harlan: "No, mine are brown."

At the Normal: "If 'A' stands for girls, what does X stand for?"

Summer School Student: "You didn't have credits enough to graduate did you?"

Fay Hampton: "Yes, indeed, I have a whole credit more than I know."

The Josh editor may scratch with his pen
Till the ends of his fingers are sore.
But some one is sure to remark with a zest—
"Rats! How stale* I've heard that before."

Normal Girl: "Doesn't Mr. Gentle look funny when he looks out over his eyebrows?"

Summer School Roll

1913

- Marguerita Andrews, Corvallis.
 Jessie Andross, Newport.
 Lea E. Adair, Roseburg.
 Edith C. Allen, Grants Pass.
 Lapensa Amrine, Oregon City.
 Coralie Amrine, Oregon City.
 Amy E. Anderson, Vermilion, S. D.
 Rica Anderson, Gladstone.
 Ernest Elbert Arrant, Monmouth.
 Mary Ashcraft, Ashland.
 Elmina Atwood, Sheridan.
- Carroll Baisley, Baker.
 Winifred Ball, Eugene.
 Roberta Ballard, Rickreall.
 Veda Barbre, Springfield.
 Irene Barnes, Prineville.
 Frances Bartlett, Springfield.
 Mary L. Bartlet, Springfield.
 Nellie Barton, Myrtle Point.
 Winnie Bayly, Eugene.
 Mrs. W. H. Beaman, Springfield.
 J. C. Bell, Monmouth.
 Laura Jane Bell, Monmouth.
 Lyda V. Bell, Monmouth.
 Fern Bellinger, Lebanon.
 Mae Benedict, 185 E. 87 St., N. Port-
 land.
 Alice L. Bennet, Mosier.
 Anita Bennet, Friend.
 Mabel A. Bennett, Ortley.
 Lena Benson, Huntington.
 Esther M. Bentley, Newport.
 Margaret Bernard, Lakeview.
 Mabel Berning, Antelope.
 R. S. Bixby, Freewater.
 Lilly Black, 390 W. 12th, Eugene.
 Carrie E. Bliss, 304 So. Commercial
 St., Salem.
 Jos. F. Bogynska, Monmouth.
 N. Elva Boone, Monmouth.
 Blanch Booth, 891 9th Ave., W.
 Eugene.
 Lillian M. Booth, 891 9th Ave., W.
 Eugene.
 Edith Bork, La Grande.
 F. E. Bornemann, Bay City.
 Grace Boyle, Canyonville.
 Blanche Bride, Monmouth.
 Sadie Bruce, McMinnville.
- Ethel Bryan, 741 Glisan St., Port-
 land.
 Carrie W. Burnham, Arlington.
 Julia Burns, Condon.
- Elsie Caldwell, Beaverton.
 Mrs. Jennie Carr, 93 N. 14th St.,
 Portland.
 Mrs. Ellen Carson, R. R. 7, Salem.
 Irene Carter, Room 11, Union Depot,
 Portland.
 Teresa Castle, 1904 3d St., La
 Grande.
 Ellen Caulfield, Echo.
 Eva Clark, 307 Jersey St., St. Johns.
 Frances Clark, Prineville.
 Nola Coad, Dallas.
 Louie V. Conner, John Day.
 Edna Condon, 11 N. Lawrence St.,
 Eugene.
 Iza Anne Constable, 1237 Court St.,
 Salem.
- Lacy B. Copenhaver, Springfield.
 V. Myrtle Copenhaver, Springfield.
 Edith L. Cornelison, 335 14th St.,
 Portland.
 Josephine Courtney, Custer, S. D.
 Noah A. Cramer, Klondike.
 Linnie Currin, 805 Grand Ave., S.,
 Portland.
- Lorena Daniel, Monmouth.
 Blodwen Davies, 1798 Duane St.,
 Astoria.
 Bessie Davidson, 1246 E. 9th N. Port-
 land.
 Gertrude Davidson, 1246 E. 9th N.
 Portland.
 Ethel Dawson, 467 E. 41st St., N.
 Portland.
 Jennie Dean, Pomeroy, Wash.
 Emily De Vore, Medford.
 Edna Deyo, Boring.
 Gwendolyn Dicken, Portland.
 Elta Dillard, Roseburg.
 Mabel Florence Duff, Corvallis.
 Lera Duke, Lakeview.
 Bertha I. Dunlap, Eugene.
 Veva Dunlap, Wasco.
 R. G. Dykstra, Sheridan.

- Carrie Eilertsen, Clatskanie.
 Minnie R. Emmel, Milwaukie.
 Frieda M. Enberg, Baker.
- Ada Farmer, Rickreall.
 Grace Farnham, Springfield.
 Gertrude Ferguson, La Grande.
 Marion Fitzgerald, Amity.
 Emma Fleck, The Dalles.
 Helena L. Fleck, The Dalles.
 Verne Fonner, Beaverton.
 Mildred Eloise Force, Monmouth.
 Alice Elizabeth Forrey, Hood River.
 Louise Forrey, Hood River.
 Larissa Foster, McMinnville.
 Sellah Foster, Dayton.
 Cathrine Fowle, 298 N. Capitol St.,
 Salem.
- Marion B. Fox, Salem.
 Frances F. Franse, Marshfield.
- Martha Galbreath, Tualatin.
 Esther Gilbertson, Harrisburg.
 Anna Gallup, Westport.
 Leah Ganzmiller, 617 E. 10th St.,
 Portland.
- Myrtle Gause Newberg.
 Flora Gilliland, Fossil.
 Carolyn A. Gohrke, 202 Clay St.,
 Dallas.
- Mrs. Martha L. Goodwin, Lebanon.
 Janet M. Grant, Cleone.
 Myrtle M. Green, Eugene.
 Flora Grice, R. No. 2, Box 28, Salem.
 Osie D. Grice, R. No. 2, Box, 28,
 Salem.
- Stella Haan, Monmouth.
 Mabel J. Hagen, Glendale.
 Metta Edna Hansen, Myrtle Point.
 Rose De Lorum Harris, Caldwell, Ida.
 Madalene Harrison, 572 11th Ave.,
 W. Eugene.
- Sarah Haseltine, Corvallis.
 Irene Haskins, The Dalles.
 Estella L. Hatfield, Troutdale.
 Lula Hauk, Dallas.
 Tressa Hawley, Creswell.
 Hattie B. Hawley, Creswell.
 Ella Hayden, 668 7th Ave., W. Eu-
 gene.
- Ella Hayden, Springfield.
 Maude H. Hays, Junction City.
 Hazel Hazelton, Cottage Grove.
 Grove.
- Donna Henry, Salem.
 Noriene Hershey, Gateway.
 Clarence Hesseltine, Monmouth.
- Dorothy Hill, 732 Lovejoy, Portland.
 Anna Holland, R. 2, Box 76, Salem.
 Lempi Hukari, Hood River.
 Hazel A. Huntington, The Dalles.
 Estella L. Hatfield, Troutdale.
- Marie Jensen, Linnton.
 Florence Johnson, Portland.
 R. Loraine Johnson, Monmouth.
 Viola Deane Jones, Fall Creek.
- Thora Keeley, Corvallis.
 Nellie Keyt, Perrydale.
 Lena Knapp, Aurora.
 Bessie E. Knauff, Newport.
 Maude F. Knight, Forest Grove.
- Esther E. La Brie, Grants Pass.
 Floy Langworthy, Newberg.
 Flossie Leland, McMinnville.
 Anne Lewis, Astoria.
 Mattie Lichtenberger, Wolf Creek.
 Ruth Lomard, 580 Laurence St.,
 Eugene.
- Harry Lynch, Salem.
- Bertha Marshal, Hillsboro.
 Sarah Martin, Forest Grove.
 Charlotte Marvel, Monmouth.
 Lillian Marvel, Monmouth.
 Vyola Mathews, Gresham.
 Grace May, 294 10th St., Portland.
 Kathrine Mayes, Riddle.
 Jessie McCann, Edison, Nebr.
 Oral McClain, R. 3, Salem.
 Agnes McCracken, Myrtle Point.
 Bertha C. McCracken, Roseburg.
 Elda McDaniel, 1220 E. Everett St.,
 Portland.
- Mary McGilvray, Canyonville.
 Myra L. McGilvary, Canyonville.
 Mrs. Vina McLean, Springfield.
 Neria McKee, Monmouth.
 Ruth Means, Metzger.
 Esther C. Miles, Eugene.
 Jessie K. Miller, Harrisburg.
 Lettie Montgomery, Prineville.
 Lulu Montgomery, Prineville.
 Lottie Moore, Yamhill.
 Shirley Moore, Springfield.
 Lera E. Murphy, Oakland.
 Lela Murray, McMinnville.
- Eva Nail, Glendale.
 Eva M. Newman, Forest Grove.
 D. S. North, Monmouth.

- Viola O'Connor, Monmouth.
 Harry O'Hara, Monmouth.
 Verá A. Olin, Cascade Locks.
 Tom L. Ostien, Monmouth.

 Lillian Page, Elgin.
 Mary Page, Yamhill.
 Myrtle Parsons, Jefferson.
 M. Edith Pechin, Forest Grove.
 Ulah Edythe Peuner, Roseburg.
 Mrs. H. Pennington, Flat C, 654 E.
 Alder St., Portland.
 E. R. Peterson, North Bend.
 Edna F. Phillips, Morgan.
 Ruth H. Pimm, Philomath.
 G. A. Pollard, Monmouth.
 Grace M. Porter, Monmouth.
 Dorothy Portwood, Monmouth.
 Elta Dee Portwood, Monomuth.
 Geneva D. Powell, Yamhill.
 J. Nell Peppers, Monmouth.

 Elsie A. Raddant, Siletz.
 Ulah Renner, Roseburg.
 Gertrude W. Rosche, R. 9, Box 29,
 Salem.
 Florence V. Root, Myrtle Point.
 Florence M. Robbins, Myrtle Point.
 Myra Roberts, Medford.

 Alta Savage, Dallas.
 Margaret Schantin, Gresham.
 Lillie Schmidli, Oregon City.
 Cora M. Scott, Rowena.
 Helen Scott, Rowena.
 Linnie Seifert, Sodaville.
 Hulda Selander, Sheridan.
 Viola G. Shea, Pendleton.
 Edith Sheak, Philomouth.
 Etta Shelton, Union.
 Ava Shields, McCoy.
 Lorena M. Shuck, Ceres, Calif.
 Lois Simms, Hubbard.
 Christine Siros, Laredo, Texas.
 Blanch E. Small, Marion.
 Almeda Smith, 1102 Belmont St.,
 Portland.
 Loretta Smith, Monmouth.
 Olive M. Smith, Springfield.
 Inez W. Snodgrass, Mulino.
 Virginia Snodgrass, Mulino.
 Marjorie Speed, 319 E. 13th St., The
 Dalles.
 Amy Steinberg, Monmouth.
 Orrie Steinberg, Monmouth.
 Hilda Stenholm, 410 Highland Ave.,
 Marshfield.

 Mabel Stevens, Independence.
 Grace E. Stewart, Hood River.
 Mrs. Audie Stone, Beaver.
 Elmer S. Stultz, John Day.
 Margaret Sutherland, Shedd's.
 Helene Swain, Burns.

 May E. Tapscott, Independence.
 H. Evelyn Taylor, Hood River.
 Beuna Temple, Lebanon.
 Ella Thacker, Albany.
 Be sie M. Thole, Corvallis.
 Mabel Thomas, Medford.
 Madge Thomas, Monmouth.
 Mary Thomas, Goble.
 Anna Thompson, Tualatin.
 Berniece E. Toney, McMinnville.
 Veronica Tracy, 1114 Washington
 St., Albany.

 Mary B. Underwood, Corvallis.
 Ethel Van Nortwick, Dallas.
 Sue M. Vaughn, Hood River.
 C. R. Vessey, Portland.
 Ruth Volz, Monmouth.

 Emma Walker, Monmouth.
 Grace E. Walker, Springfield.
 Frankie Walter, Monmouth.
 Lulu Wattenburg, Fossil.
 Ruby Wattenburg, Fossil.
 Irene E. Weekly, Bridge.
 Edna L. Weeks, Silverton.
 Mary Wel s, Imbler.
 Alice M. Wheeler, 488 E. 18th St.,
 Portland.
 Bertha Westermann, Yamhill.
 Eva Wheeler, Tillamook.
 May L. Wiley, Palouse, Wash.
 Emma B. Wilke, 311 Pearl St.,
 Oregon City.
 M. Grace Williams, North Bend.
 Josiah Wills, Eugene.
 Lotta Wilson, 145 Ferry St., Salem.
 Inez Winnifred Mulino.
 Elsie Winters, Sherwood.
 Viola Wolff, Portland.
 Leto C. Wolverton, Monmouth.
 E'don Wood, Myrtle Creek.
 Olga L. Wood, Philomath.
 Hazel Workman, Beaverton.
 Geneva Wright, Gresham.
 Minnie D. Wunder, Monmouth.
 Mary Wyatt, R. No. 2, Amity.

 Mrs. Jaennette Yocom, Sheridan.
 Ruth York, Ashland.

Pamphlet (Shif.)
Hoson, Jho 1912
H 17
C 2